In the Winds of the August Maladroit Parvenu

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No Wind

Obligatory concessive past lives peaking at evening birds
to concuss the meaning of the lateral windowscapes
diving into classroom oligarchies passive and renown
honey in the beat like some cosmic wave of tandems
like a tyrant bent below the sanctified ashtray, distilled
now bellowing in the beat of the chemistry of fatigue

Counted in the extreme thought of bi-rated reprisal and condemned in its mercy

mercy for the dilapidated saints in the cross-rows of windswept intuition,
devotion, like a cowering excuse, for regal band camps and informed discretion
like the festering heat of demarcated swallow-throats, pealing the parched April noon.
Founders portrayed like numb puppets. Countered in the forgetfulness. Lost esteem.
Haley needs a garden with the sweet dove mountain of her simmering voice.
There is growth there, in the fountain of appeasement. Where bristle shadows
hold only a noon card in the stakes of formidable consequence. Scattered, imbued,
fought for all we believe in, so true to the meaning of the short field heart,
there are no forgotten-angel forged memories in the vacuum of early morning saints.
They are mystified and broken and all appealing inquiries start with the mother of
sterilization towards the winter abasement like curls under an iron and steeples
under founding regret. Where, shall we overthrow the statues of morning? Where,
shall we drop curtains on the dominant phrase? Like a dust mite in the refrigerator.
We have seen glorious ends to a defeated, suspended, inoculated portend of freedom.
It is already written, God said, with now the morning stature. Now the solidified eclipse
into the dowry painted suburbs like stolen grateful ejected hearts of farewell tributes.

early vacuum saints steal the fauna of dispersion like paperweights in the camping ground,
solidified by each other, by our passing said acquaintance, like downy farms in the spinning
pool of a lifetime of the regime. “Do not take this for certain. I have not seen a cure,” God states,
as He sees over the beguiled saints of ashtrays and willowed curtains, where no moon
has come to forget them. No judgment for the star insiders, that could not forget their names,
and were not present for the ice-slander of morning suns. “I have come for you, dear adequate.
I have come like the everlasting on your way to central defeat. I will lift you and arm you,
like you were my neighbor and all that matters; the time we spent together, talking about
ashtrays and mother suns. I am here for you, seasoned waitress, so young to the invaluable,
and resting so assured to the outcome of resistance.” Where will we go, asked the farmer
on high. No magician can count the wealth you see of a daily trigger-bank of watered
freeways and ashtrays and the gully of old-art-decision. Do not count me. I am proverbial
and not to be a part of this continuous parched wave of defeat. “I did not deplore the star-mapped
waitress, nor did I count you among the journey of sailing defeat, but I thought it wiser
to let you know there will be an entry in my journey, a tiny map, that leads you away
from uncertainty and guilt. That leads you away from criminal endeavors in the contract
of My heart and the solstice of my dreams.” Have we neither tempered certainty of a pathway
to My heart than a whimsical dream? Are not the patterns enabled? And the foresight, untimbered?

Skipping the Plumb Bow

Not to be deceived, there are shaken juries to consider,
like taking weathered journals to the utmost forepole
of a sentimental wave approaching the winds of eastern
placated cylinder stashes of emotive temperature – released
stalwart tray-lines like a proven sea in the struggle.

Miscalculations narrow in the esteem of shipping lanes,
whether cornered or clustered, here they all make this
the last forethought for tired journals and lost sliden
windows, betrayed gusts of malfeasant erosion for the
tapered mood enhancers of the stately American dollar.

You can be just as forgiving, she said, as he put on
his Goodman's hat and headed out for the aperture
of the morning, brave and confident, not concerned
about the railway coastlines or the roe shipping docks
that allows the shaken juries to consider, knowingly.

The commercial edict of second weight insiders,
is skipping the plumb bow like a pause before
the praise, or a washroom, that has never known
terror, or the Baal plates at the dinner table,
spoken for evening gloves against the sycamore,
and the ashtrays of morning's golden rush to the
regiment of stationed malfeasance for the bow's defeat.

Like Tossed Parades: A Love Poem

love is a stalling dance of apricot shingles;
deprived and decoded until the staunch morning light
condemn the hound of several species
renewed for foreign assets and attested,
how water in the sleeves of ending proposal
like tossed parades, damaged responsibilities
where parades are no more than wrecked soldering

Python on a Ferris Wheel

Stalling down the ferris wheel
a python is turning to the marble arch
like a stealth ghost of morning haze
and the short abatement of morning tide
there are leopards and owls in the curls of her hair
like the starburst of dawn meaning to take a picture
but the romantic gestures have fallen off
as though they are a memory not worth preserving

The chartered meat of the story bricked in temples
where no class of an individual is marketed to fame
no glasses, no ratchet handling gloves are brokered
where the fashion of time is beyond the late sample
the restroom of delegates seizes entry into the war room
of shattered isle patients like fettered tongue saints
and trophies of dung pattered minnows in required heat
room for hearing and no dispatches from the top window
glory in the stolen defeat like life-matches flaring in rain
and no one inside can stop of the rune train from the python

God, away from the warped records, and into your mind this very night

God is crawling on the balcony
distilling the weather to something actionable
whether we call in or visit our collective mothers
is not the point God wishes to make –
it is the thought of bestowing our very thought
away from the dysregulated surface entanglement
away from the gorgeous torn pages and numb bumps
like a trophy adjustment and a bestowed entry
unto patterned saints there will be no sight of God
if you do not sacrifice something meaningful
or live according to some patterned ethic –
that does not mean conversation with God
is unattainable, such a conversation is highly achievable
just turn your head down, turn around, distill your thoughts
and realize there is a patterned *communication* to it all
God will be there, in your own tongue, in your own style
Be there tonight, with the wind at your back, and the horses's downy

There is no Edmonton serpentine understanding

against a statutory wall, an embrace where door-knots did not travel
there is patagium of fareway thoughts that crystalize and cement
where they land on the documented foment of stimming thoughts

where no vocalic dream did entice drifting marriages left along porch lights
it is here where reading glasses become vespers and corniculate charming echoes
stamped in town along the grass of the university strapped windows

give your dreams over to me, where we did not meet or counter arguments
nocturnal voices document the fareway straights like a light for breathing
no interpretation will untie me until you have sourced your favorite stoical memory

The softened patina

In the ruins of ashen crops
still-time rain goes beneath the earth
like razor tunnels to the map stream.

The dirt forfeits the disclosure
of tiger pearls where docent ashtrays
stagger in meetings all day.

When once you were inside me
there is now a forever hold
where I confide in a strong willed witness.

I have never seen such beauty
than the bounty of this partnership.
We have come out colluding
in the river of our joint minds
that neither bow or partake in fun or game.

The healing never comes

One tree limb supercilious to
other nocturnal watches
Mordecai is spinning bandages in the
policeman’s yard
There is no dialing back from
the screened light
Solidified trophies are not what the
Earth is about
Instead, bleeding into the airing
cupboard

listless, and abandoned without
place cards on the line
no sullen tornadoes where limping
glass weighs resentful

Dogs coming out of the fire, between
you and I
The only patrol from abatis
hunches, cornered,
Stalling like a timid father, too
engrossed in his work
To see the trees as a threat
to the family

aisle family was always beyond
his perception

No language can confiscate his frontier
rounds

no scarecrows in the morning

The palindrome affair
was not exactly cheating
not in her mind
as she stocked shelves
in the backroom, cordially

Ostend musicals denounce
the blatant violations
of commercial marriage contracts
she argues plumbago fatale
Thirty-nine Articles dripped chips

Attendants mark the clown behavior
that stained her underwear
for her husband to find
her mother covered for her
infidelity is a matter of opinion
there are no scarecrows in the morning

Waking to the plagiarism of love
home defense love quakes
houseboy travels home and regret
how 1,000 years have passed
who is really family and who is not
delineate latent pounces of absolute peace

Ostrich Plumb Line

Here we embark on the morning of paltry straining added affairs
like white heat under the stone money for stolen moons, likely uncovered
like a pedestrian trained in the arts of defense and weighted hotel rooms
now to the magic highs of the lowest intent never running or hatching
the plumb line running for oxygen and hotel rumors all fun and obsolescent
God has not spoken for days and the Earth is a model of behavior
if that behavior is meant to entreat the devotion of suffering, beached refusal,
and intra-mutual conquest like a feathered dinosaur in a plastic box
no longer listening, just memorizing the sullen rhythm of defeated souls

No Stout Passages

History in an appealed archway
Of palette now defense washes
Inside the abolished stone palace
Like timid, scorned, running reprisals
Forgiving in the retreat
With sword in hand
And paint on knees

History is a causeway
Like bones in the recipe
Where no borrowing takes place
No fragrant letters ever written
Stems of plentiful Peruvian lilies
Stalk the weathered approach
Where sundials are doors
To the absolving noise
And the receptacle of swollen art

He is a nice gentleman

He is a nice gentleman
he never borrows sorrow
like brokered entreats
and patterns now fatigued

He is a nice gentleman
though he is an absolutist
foraging the back thoughts
for the alchemy of forever

There are times I tell him
stop pleading with me
like winter to a bottle
or a storm to rags

Never allow me to know
the temptation of forever
where I could face danger
like an unforgiving sage

There; two signs

great skua robbery
feeding on other planets
like needles in arms
and specious education
daunting to the elbow
of historical prose
and elemental harmony

no tigers persuading

there is silver in the air
waving like a compass
albeit, it has no gathering forces,
no wind around the curve
fighting to break through
there are no stadiums relentless
tossing the balcony, defeated,
like parsimony in the antique
grave, unattended, unadorned majesty
there are no tigers persuading
elements and constructs, perceiving
train embellishments, trade stocks
no where does this end soon
but it could end with a wheel borrowed

poised attack prose

burning like a gasket in the tired winter afternoon where turbulence lights the way
reminiscent water shelter hives take refuge in the collapsing colony for tomorrow
for the future’s ending cacophony and tempered tiered aluminum straights
no where does this say it will be the only exit, but the only one for you
this night of trembling doves and pardoned sandpipes, just moisture in the fog
mountains that did not obey you will seek their hearts in the other, magnified
in the other like some ontological wishing well that becomes one within one
learning to escape the coming tired winter afternoon like lilies in the mountain
like drifting turtles in the fountain of remembered evening tides that did not forget
pretending you were not present as a real person, not being confused with measure
icons and poised attack prose, no, there was almost someone there, someone very hurt

lambast treaty foraging

placid doors in the forged dismissal
caught up among the archives
the dirt, the hammer, the plastic
all creased in the pages
like a fabric dossier, bent around
weathered appellant courtesy
and feathers in the lambast treaty
where dock-masters did not go
or tremble lightly until exposed

milkweed without marble (the first violin)

feckless on the marble
combing for the hidden grease
negotiating with the sleeping waves
not here tomorrow or in the moment
all but weaving oligarchs like skirting trials
that did not place around you or in this sky

they did not tie you to your favorite song
they did not string you to a poem
they did not weather your ashes for you
they have an inability to be here now
but you will not concede your Elvis lighter
or the mountain vacation that remains

you will stand up to the rain
like shelves on seeds, blankets
that do not have children
or oppress the neighbors
not the milkweed enveloped corner
here for the tattered cries tomorrow

stepping on ashgroves

the dowry straits with hammers of needle pairs
capturing the blessed harmony of strangers’s spikes
where no conversation would have them, no troubles
no great delinquent piers like a subtle hidden address
resurrected to be miscalculated or thorned in the brittle bush
like a favored weed, stepping on ashgroves, stammering
where too tall virgins and maligned cigarettes show
on Sunday, for staple autumn fairs like ghastly machines

Stalling in the Desert

There are paragraphs of dense moisture across her forehead
She dances like a maelstrom trophy in the cosmic rusted air
Pretending she knew better than the sand whispers of June
There is no peace here, no present occupation, or doorway into sleep
There is just the pregnant preoccupation with scattered drivels
And morning where no tyrant could bellow like a parked car

There are pictures of what alimony looks like, feathered and taunt
With no distilled pasture lemming skippering to large appeal
No domestic highway pleading for autumn's rough enclosure
However, there is the light of a bandit with Persephone's mask
Treasure in the overgrowth forest like two bears in the balance
Sleeping only when the sand appeals to their better nature

There are no dog tags in the desert, they are swallowed candles
Like storming highways that never gave a glimpse of truth
No faltering fathers or stewards of dogma and urban defeating climbs
There is only the desert and it does not want you near, so to cherish decline
Where all the forestry fighters in all the automobiles are tasked
Like bowing wolves that did not know where to find me

In the winds of the August forest, you are stalling in the desert
Like chiming grasshoppers too distracted by the sounds of our marriage
I have climbed this incision before, I know where it does not lead
It does not pardon or enhance one's view of worldly order
It does not capture the thoughts, it betrays why anyone writes,
To capture the thought and build on it until it takes form

I do know there are dangers in the forest not found in the desert
There is the appearance of wind that flirts with scales of hallmark justice
Like firing torpedoes into the dusk of faulty engines, no Christ for the asking
No patron saint that interferes with one's factory disposition, charming,
There is not a way to lure God into the picture, except to die, except to die
And in that pose, God takes the form of a dissenting sailor on a rocky boat, off shore

Pecuniary Whistleberries

The whistleberries chased me.
The cornered me in an alley
behind a club that they owned.
The music was loud, with
an ostentatious beat, borrowing,
begging, for indivisible attentiveness.
The biggest stole my wallet.
Finding nothing they broke my glasses
and took all my clothes. I found chalk
and drew a circle around them.
The whistleberries stood and stared,
not knowing what I was doing.
Then they deflated into the ground.
I stole their wallets, which was all
that was left and went into the club.
I pretended to belong and bought
a shirt from one man, shorts from another,
and a jacket from a third. Then I took a taxi
home. I had a tall glass of milk and counted
my earnings. Gleefully, I ordered pizza.

Cat Clyde Never Bent the Arrow

Pouring stars scatter at her feet
with division temples like grass frogs
token synthesis for globetrotting
parched royalty like a pelican dancing
as it flies / Along the cries of
storming gulls there is a
basement counter with her collected
dimes at trait eyeglasses /
Weather is leaning toward a scarred
cloud between the brow of God,
who said love ends in the streaming
of forgetful attitudes / Exeunt

Stumbling Lightways in the Furtive Ground

stock-still curtains cry embrocation
leaving out the furtive light
stolen *ad initio*, like lakes's foddering disposal
grassways kissing porch lights never tempted
disturbing witnesses of brass soldier houses
there is no demotion in the forthcoming ground
denies ordinary patronage and hagiophobia
violets and door knocking trenches step back
now the ground moves, now the market stumbles

The Voice

The voice of God
Is not the voice of reason
His or Her behavior
Lambast with deadly cruelty
No support system for victims
Her or She preys on the disadvantaged

God is a curse
A stumbling block
For those that simply Hope
For a more peaceful existence
God is cruelty combined
The only voice that this creator knows

But if you have the money
You can be a member
A large disposable income is required
For the difference between death and life
Is your suffering Holy
Or does your poor pockets mean you deserve condemnation

Only God can tell
God and American capitalist healthcare

Too many mice in the evening cupboard

Twelve dimes loose in Alicante
spending thrift store money on gloves
weather balloon goldfinch sailing
several octaves below the balcony
swollen inside men carry the weight
for only one audience at a time
stellar compositions decay with the light
Americans grasping for loopholes to air
breathing only uncertainty in having faith
in themselves an each others, amen.

Two Twin Autopipes for Moon Raiding Sculptures (Original)

I have riddles-sculpture square squabbling horseshoes for nights of tempted silence
in my own scared, but assured reasoned belt-boots like a drying canvas over the candleberry stipend
like rooms for doors over steam jacket orchids where oligopoly structured windows
are never stalling under seigniorage weights like glowing asphalt glory and tired ham-stirrups

Today is the last day of my worn out existence, where stymied fish go to circle
and feathers come undone, tales of great indifference go ratting out my great post,
drifting for no reason than to call me out as undone and defeated, grossly over-imagined
where scars read certain milk hazard saints, and weather balloons find a staddle marked equation

Scullion memories where dance-favored rhythm butter-cats smooth out the resistance
of curled mark time-rafts like pearls of Tuesday and broken chip-made stallions
raise money for waist-fed orphans like mothers of June and stale April parties,
today I have never know such a wasteland, but I try to sink water, where there is nothing

Hazard making raincoats and feaster lights in the darling scapegoats where autographs are certainty
raining here where jabroni snorts and rattles confusion and tiding scarfs leave Friday alone
leaving rasa of singing fast, never wrecked the tools of meager sun-childs like broken holidays,
like stair-weather cross-stich rehearsal and measure-feast mornings are writing my proposal

Raiding Sculptures Writing My Proposal (Revised)

I had sculpture-square sophists horseshoes for nights bombing the tempted silence
in my own scared, scarfed silence, but assured reasoned like a drying canvas
over the candleberry stipend where rooms over steam jacket orchids and oligopoly windows,
never stalling under seigniorage weights like glowing asphalt glory and tired ham-stirrups

Today is the last day of my worn out existence, where stymied fish go to circle
and feathers come undone, tales of great indifference go ratting out my lower orbit
drifting, to call me out as defeated, grossly over-imagined and where scars rest with milk
hazard saints and weather balloons find a staddle marked equation finalized and drifting

Scullion memories where dance favored butter smooth cuts roll out the resistance
of curled mark time rafts out like pearls of Tuesday and broken chips make stallions
raise money for waist fed orphans like mothers of June and stale parties look forward to autumn,
today I have never know such a land, but I try to sink water, where there is nothing but the summer

Hazard making raincoats and festering lights in the darling scapegoats where autographs are certaint
raining here where jabroni sorts and rattles confusion and tides leave Wednesday alone, mayhem breaks
leaving rasa singing, never wrecked the tools of meager sun children like broken holidays, pottery,
like sailor weather and cross stitched rehearsal, measured feast mornings, writing my proposal

The concatenation of whispering tears

there are no Stains where /
hunger has left /
her long –
long leg – has defamed jewels
damaging /
the mistaken /
art of her music ___
just stones
for the tired polity of her mind

Hereford Soundless

Grace is an eruption of cosmic acts
like stellar cosmopolitan directions subset of portrait

here at controls on accent of slender oil biomass

spent on parallel winding clarinet
when not here to be parked
bet intent to be like a hatch in the uselessness
the reader, which we need not, ebb acts
and what whisper wherein we did

Hereford soundless scarf ritual pages
running that stickmen the thaw
never tuned summertime, shies aways, cries, named

An Occasion for Umbrella Rooks

nominal struggling pieces burning over your heard
doo-wop like the finest combination of sane incantations
expenses and dues clumsy and strong accidental neighbors

shadows bereft of annexed histories that meant more than reality

a french cordelier shaming the weather like it had any choice
today is different, today the weather has a detectable choice
swallowing the records of furnished behavior that adults hail

There was no pause in Her climb towards our conversation

In the exchange of channeling fabric
baroque basement raven patterlillies
there are segments of upturned dangers
and rococo bad dream wheat belt sorted
cities whole grown like carnal bourbon
industrious false sponsalia and bad drama

But the markets did drain for the pain sida
comical whims of Her return from Estoril
She has no expectations like the wind bashing
against your face in your tour of dreams turncoat
stomach-turning ice-disposal micro plastic frowning
in the mind of pleasant conversation weight-heavy
there will now be our communion in saints, reeling
Her jar of the witnessing of our forgetful journeys

A trumpet out of a goat fern

with grasshoppers growing out of its nose
it is making a trumpet out of a goat fern
never a liable witness, always a court stand
always a document insider in the mammoth rays
preaching to rather equipped choirs like redstone
furs and Alabama denialism for God’s own piety

God is gone. Off interfering. It is sane

God has left me for a more important task.
While I wish I could say that task is interference
I know it is likely only the interference of one person,
and that is just as valuable, just as malleable for our culture.
I know them. I can see them. I understand why God needs to go to them.
As much could be expected, from my frame of reference.
I hope God stays as long as needed. I hope they are okay.
I understand it must have been important. And for that I am saddened.
While God is against interference, She/He/They still finds loopholes
when it comes to individuals. And, no, that is not comical. It is sane.

In what brings us near

The private ethos in the communication of dogs and birds
where all the birds are God and all the sounds of traffic are sin
all laughter that bleeds out into the street is observed like a holiday
like an oceanfront on an obscuration fishing board diving into porangi stunts

Here we are singers that tie down roofs of sheds for hurricane season,
have 30 year old trucks we bought for $9 dollars that only needed a t-shirted
taken out of the air manifold, like the diet of a tall stranger, coming to rest,
we have given over our curtains for God's grey belt, and certified our temples
by breaking the bank of its servants, stealing from it worshipers, just as God said

It doesn't matter what denomination, or what faith, they will all take you to the bank,
in a car made of the latest Apple gun metal skin where sharks go to dissolve their waiting toes
like marigold crescent archways that do not fuss and do not disturb the status quo
because architecture cannot speak and we are taught to honor and preserve it,
instead, give over to nature, let the grass grow for the ants and bees and butterflies
and have bread in the morning and evening rustic clothes on a Saturday afternoon

When you have time to care about your organized faith, then you have time to invest
in natural recourse, like an awaiting mother another day in this time upon this journey
not waiting for a cosmic event to bring you near to the place of becoming, but just starting,
and learning to rest within a self-care unit-ocracy and is not an -ocracy or a -eology or throwaway
because that is what organized religion sees humans as, throwaways, pocketbooks, from birth
to burial, and to the end of their flesh building grand finale where no one has remorse,
what an event to give your money to, what an event to help aspire towards, or build towards,
instead of a grassy home for the potential of a lived future and in honor of those first few steps
of existence, in harmony with the bluegreen ashes of sullen washways that brought us near

Pearl Falcons over a Bazaar

elm trees in a silent park
staring no ways like grateful earning
lifting noses into sand curtains, in darkness
were no patronage can sooth a brittled retirement

fomenting stereo sidetrack misgivings
never around to see the sun skip its docile engine compartment
lucifugous speech in the minds of the tokenistic culture
jewel trusted lament, like an engraving on an ashtray

never fibbed in a calaboose archway like eyes between temples
costing nothing in return for the seismic wave or the scordatura of Sunday
where nothing dressed in plastic and nothing wore homemade skins
just a pearl in the sink dropping lower and lower until there was no bazaar

Silent Translations

Sometimes we have to translate words we do not like
write poems we do not like
care for prose we rather run under a tire
it is important that the evil of the world
be reflected in the beauty of language
[…] perhaps if we are lucky
at the end of our lives
we will see into a space
and find that all this was meaningless […]
onto […] next […] for bitter reasons

obcordate tuned sovereign

songstrings like valiant scorecard
spokewheel settings left a king wailing

barb wire comet running around the yard
like the flame of an exiguous ship burial

sidestepped in water traffic and worn
obbligato surfaces where leaves sway

just stay long enough to pitch dance
with me closer until the grating music ends

Stationed undergrounder miners withdraw

What is it to give a gift to humanity rather than merely showcase oneself?
There are fragments of wealth in the self-made glorious tenebrosity vessel,
sanctified like a summer of sanitary gloves, later groves to abrogate hymns
that drains the doctor’s frowns and misguided hymnal iron masks like a tavern
of strange, coccidia rhyming where it goes under the highway of steward thought.
This can be very easily done. Do not escape from poaching loaners. And do not
pretend to present your bastion as an arrow cement looking into eyes unknowable.

But even this does not desert you or abdicate you from your summons to be far
greater than you insist on downplaying. This tired eye lion is a song in the union.
If you can be so, through the spirit into the commonality of humanity, you might find
yourself in a such a place to want to give a gift, a royal gift for those alone and all
otherwise just as lost. But you centralize your power. Your above the sink counterpart.
Let go of the stems and the call-grass under your getting feet and eyes and allow a curtain
for a center map. Becards fly just when the winds washstand Charlemagne spoils Thebian
image-makers like thornveld carriage cast-thoroughfare tailing as the solar wind guards thin;
Guide rail tape grass un-wonder left un-submerged, but the moulder of our business shards.

The Frightening of Vulgar Drapes

a crystalline tear in pine teachable sculptures
predicating remorse for fallen comrades
like lost bellowing sheep on May Day
they drift without a towel or map
to guide them over the faculty drape stand;
leaning over the impliable recourse
is the tall venting endowment for vulgarity;
not tempted to hen discourse, they reach a verdict

Shadows of a relapsed dawn in the accordion pulpit

piano rolls for the taunted sailor
dismissed and disrupted from the aches
of in-town bemusement and fabricated
code words for trouble among the tents
of climate refugees and swollen passengers

stymied in the house puzzles like fragile
porch birds tuned to the easy satin
of Mirtha's sharp cutter's circle-
demise of the people's allegiance
like a pawn shop Gettysburg

reproducing piano chords for seizing
and abating stunt tree romance
under a dollar and nickle two fold
with rather quaint trophic needle implants
never alone in this diet of mercy hours

tailors and Japanese journalists participate
in the waking hour for our honored heads,
never so intended to wait mourning long
to intervene, like a bear in the back pew
of a church, sitting in comfort, only observing

some gaze with a curious bypassing thrust
others betray with a sickened see-no-evil might
a few support with funds, weaponry, and jubilance,
relocation and prolonged suffering, rabbits never heard
in doubt and now carnival spokespersons's shroud
trading lines for the pace of the day's uneven restless,
the fate of the conscience of humanity rests here

the surprisal of free cow bell stems succor frail hymns
like tyrants of weekend sports in between skin moisture
and trading cards skipping along the windy hills,
that sailor did not pardon herself from the time of rancor
or seedling steeples lambasting cordial growth around
the curb of red stone block building iron anteroom
torpedoes stealing the exhaust from her accordion pulpit

Free Room Service in L.A. to Find Our Family

tone dialing pursuit in a bucketwheel
enjoyment of a sacred forest at the pitch of dawn
where do you cry, where do you breakdown?
a storeman and couple at the foot of the bed
they are checking out your fear and your atrabilious pushing
like deep sea fishing for eggs and asphalt with chevy altos
motels with casinos and free rooms meet your mother
on the quest to find you and here you are in Los Angeles
not even diving or dividing with the chance to run
run, little man, get away for good, never turn back
get away, young woman, in your working suit, run away
this western discourse does not enlighten you
your mother country wishes to find you for one reason
to discombobulate you in the nighting hour of the casino
and the free room service over the 75 mile per hour highway
like a turtledove drowning in its own sweat and discontent
tripping in the highway bathroom mirror under the ship-forming stars

To await the gorgeous stunned star formations

holding candles to the offspring of giants
like ill-composed meters of holy granules
songs for the asking and tempos for alters
sing me nicely to sleep under star formations
where I will bother the cosmos with my tea,
with my teachable moments under precautions
and julep sun strokes like memorable eye
movements, of dacite and obsidian roses,
weather where music halls had such a milling
grotesque pretense like the motion carried
in my gullet and the nouns of my appraisal

the trapeze of car songs and musical inhibitions
I have outlasted the outpost of desire
and the flogging of the temple redress
I have no longer submitted myself to the star
of borrowed time, but have refurnished the sky
like a miner too deep in the cavern to renegotiate
lower pay, no stunting, no passing, no paraphrasing,
just the star formations to sweep over us
like painting of a mire in the abscess of ratchet
bending conquest that could take my ear, or my small
delinquent memories of the past, no, no stars
no stunning star formations here in the attic
of downing marked oppression, just time and sadness

Elijah brings home a turkey and I miss the opportunity

Climbing down the abruptive mountain of tissue and regret,
lost incursive blemishes of daunted staples like apples and porridge
where we lost too much money on temporary groceries
and did not have replacement surgery for the doctored income
of tailored taxed intentions that leave us bereft of ceremony or candle lights.

However, you were a fast one, singing with the tenor plain allegro spokeswoman
tending to a para-maze denouncement like shattered list of hunger, starvation,
and no way to ask for help, because everything sacred is free, except essentials
for living. What we need to keep on the table is not free. What we receive in pay
is insufficient, like cancer swabs in the morning to clean your face, no ache, no food.

There is no begging for my generation, or yours. We were not taught to ask to for help.
We bleed uncertainly and argue diminished lines like theatre for the countered absurd ointment
of the dying cursed spokeswheel of a resurrection that only some will recognize as learned.
Let us not be glad this afternoon, but waste like a salad not eaten quickly enough, not herded
or pinted like arbitrary detritus hymnals upon the chariot skies, leaving a chair out just in case,
Elijah may arrive and bring a slaughtered turkey. Oh, how I have dreamed with we would
have had less concerting matters to discuss. To be simple. But nothing is simple. Nothing is bruised.

The fetishism of death

The people who want to "save our democracy"
are the same people who still believe
"the American dream" is real.

Nothing short of internalized capitalism.
Or, what Ernest Becker called, the denial of death.
I read that book as a rather young man
and it has never stopped being relevant.

Perhaps it is not about Baudrillard’s compulsive
fetishism of capital, absorbed through the skin,
but the fetishism of death, with no way not to intoxicate.
To be in denial is to be aware. And to be aware is to be entrapped.